

Aylesbury. S. M.

D^r Green.

48

1. Shall we go on to sin, Because thy grace abounds! O crucify the Lord again, And open all his wounds!

2. For bid it, mighty Lord; Nor let it ever be said, That we, whose sins are crucified, Should raise them from the dead.

3. We will be slaves no more, Since Christ has made us free; Has nailed our tyrants to his cross. And bought our liberty.

Spaulding. S. M. verse.

Chorus.

1. Come, holy Spirit! come, Let thy bright beams arise; Dispel the sorrows from our minds, Dispel the sorrows from our minds. The darkness from our eyes.

2. O cleanse us from our sins By faith in Jesus' blood; And to our wondering view reveal, And to our wondering view reveal, The boundless love of God.

3. Revive our drooping faith; Our debts and fears remove; And kindle in our hearts the flame, And kindle in our hearts the flame, Of never dying love.

Senerville. S. M.

hearts

Mather.

Thou gracious God and kind, Oh cast our sins a-way; Nor call our former guilt to mind. Thy justice to display.

Mason.

Nottsay. S. M.
Vox.



Chorus.

Wyll.

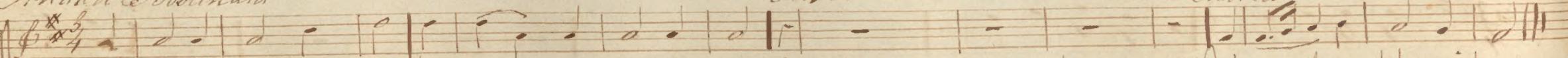


Welcome, sweet day-drest, I that saw the Lord arise: Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes, Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

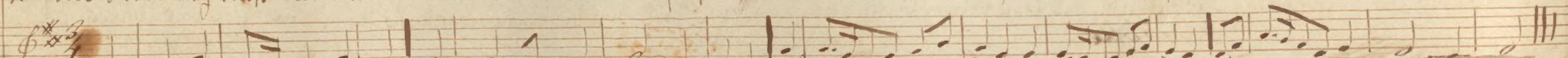


Andante Sostenuto

Scioto. S. M. Vox.



1. The Lord my Shep-herd is. I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side.



2. He lead me to the place, Where heavenly pas-ture grows, Where liv-ing wa-ters gently pass, That full sal-va-tion flows.



3. If ever I go a-tray, He doth my soul re-clain, And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho-ly name,



Chorus T. B. Mason.

Verzo.

Chorus. Hobart. S. M.
verso.

arranged from an ancient Chant.

1. When overwhelmed with grief, My heart within me dies, Helpless, and far from all relief, To heaven I lift mine eyes. To heaven I lift my eyes.

2. Oh, lead me to the rock, That is high above my head; ~~how art thou~~ My shelter and my shade, And make the concert of thy wings.

3. Within thy presence, Lord, forever I'll abide, Thou art the tower of my defense, The refuge where I hide; The refuge where I hide.

and 11 11 11

Clapton. S. M.

Jones.

1. Thy name, Almighty Lord, Shall sound through distant lands, Great is thy grace, and sure thy word, Thy truths forever stand.

2. May be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure, Till morning light and evening shade shall be exchanged no more.

and 11 11 11

J. Williams.

Morpeth. S. M.

Andante.

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willow take: Loud to the praise of love divine, Bid every string a-wake.
 2. Though in a for-eign land, We are not far from home; And nearer to our house a-bove We eve-ry mo-ment come.
 3. His grace will to the end Streng-er and bright-er shine; Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark divine.

St. Thomas. S. M.

A. Williams

1. High as the heavens are raised, Above the ground we tread; So far the riches of thy grace, Our highest thoughts exceed.
 2. No mor-row Lord is thine, Lodged in thy sovereign hand, And if its sun arise and shine, It shine by thy com-mand.

Claytonville. S. M.

Wm. W. Bradbury.

1. Come, ho-ly spirit, come, With en-er-gy di-vine, And on this poor benight-ed soul With beans of mer-cy shine.
2. Melt, melt this frozen heart; This stub-born will sub-due; Each ev-il pa-sion o-ver-come, And form me all a-new.
3. Mine will the prof-it be, But thine shall be the praiser; And un-to thee will I de-vote The rem-nant of my days.

Southfield. S. M.

L. Mason.

1. Thy name, al-mighty Lord, Shall sound through distant lands; Great is thy grace and sure thy word; Thy truth forever stands.
2. Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure, Till morning light, and even-ing shade Shall be exchanged no more.

Elysium. S. M.

Dr. Arnold.

On the fair heavenly hills, The saints are blest a-bove, Where joy like morning dew distils, And all the air is love. And all the air is love.

Westminster. S. M.

Dr. Boyce.

Bent hold the lofty sky, Declares its maker, God; And all the starry works on high, Proclaim his power abroad.

Colbury. S. M.

Barnham.

1. Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus our round the thrones,

2. Let those refuse to sing, Who never knew our God; But children of the heavenly King May speak their joys abroad.

3. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

4. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're marching thro' immortal ground, To fairer worlds on high.

Falmouth. S. M.

Verse.

Chorus.

Come sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Jehovah is the sovereign God, The univer-sal King, The univer-sal King.

Dumbarton S. M.

Cornilli.

1. When overwhelmed with grief, My heart within me dies, Helpless and far from all relief, To heaven I lift mine eyes.
 2. Oh! lead me to the rock That's high above my head, And make the covert of thy wings My shelter and my shade.
 3. Within thy presence, Lord, For ever I'll abide; Thou art the tower of my defence, The refuge where I hide.

Newton, S. M.

1. Be-hold the morning sun, Begins his glo-rious way; His beams thro' all the na-tions run, And life and light convey.
 2. But when the gospel comes, It spreads di-vi-ner light, It calls dead sinners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.
 3. How per-fect is thy word! And all thy judg-ments just! For ever sure thy promises Lord, And we se-cure-ly trust.
 4. My gra-cious God, how plain are thy di-rections given! Oh! may I never read in vain, But find the path to heav'n.

Market Street. S. M.

3

1. Oh! bless the Lord my soul, Let all within me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, These favors are divine.

2. Oh! bless the Lord my soul, Nor let his meries lie forgot-ten in un-thank-fulness. And without praises die.

3. 'Tis he that gives thy sins, 'Tis he that relieves thy pain; 'Tis he that heals thy sickness-es, And gives thee strength again.

4. He crowns thy life with love, When ransomed from the grave; He who redeemed my soul from hell, Hath sov'ring power to save,

Ananta, Lowell. S. M.

3

1. I longed for a sight of him who reigns on high—Jesus, my souls supreme de-light: For him alone I sigh.

2. O that I knew the place Where I might find my God, And make the arms of his embrace My souls se-cure an-bode.

3. Near to his mercy-seat, Where grace triumphant reigns, I'd come and worship at his feet, And tell him all my pains,

Dover. S. M.

3

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great, He makes the church his abode, His most de-lightful seat.

2. In Zion God is known, A refuge in dis-trress: How bright has his sal-vation shone! Through all her hab-its

Mansion, 9 Lines N.S.

J. Stephens.

Mansion, 39 and 40.

This God is the God we adore, Our faithful unchangeable friend, Whose love is as large as his power, and neither knows measure or end, Insists the

Verse. Chorus.
And trust him for all that's to come;

first and the last, Whose spirit shall guide us safe home, We'll praise him for all that is good,

And trust him for all that's to come;

Founders Hall. S. W.

Waller

A handwritten musical score consisting of three staves of music. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, the middle staff an alto F-clef, and the bottom staff a bass G-clef. The music is written in common time. The notation includes various note heads, stems, and rests, with some measure endings indicated by vertical lines at the end of measures.

Minstrel. A. M.

Grecian chant.

A handwritten musical score consisting of three staves of music. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, the middle staff an alto F-clef, and the bottom staff a bass G-clef. The music is written in common time. The notation includes various note heads, stems, and rests, with some measure endings indicated by vertical lines at the end of measures.

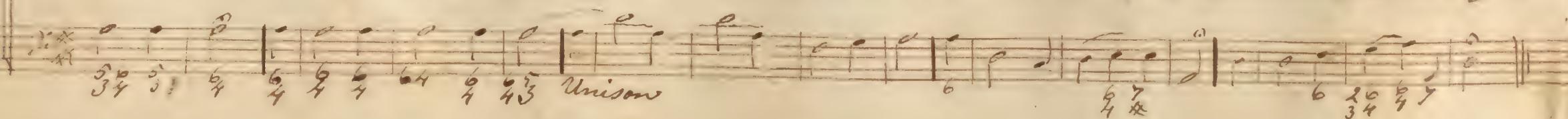
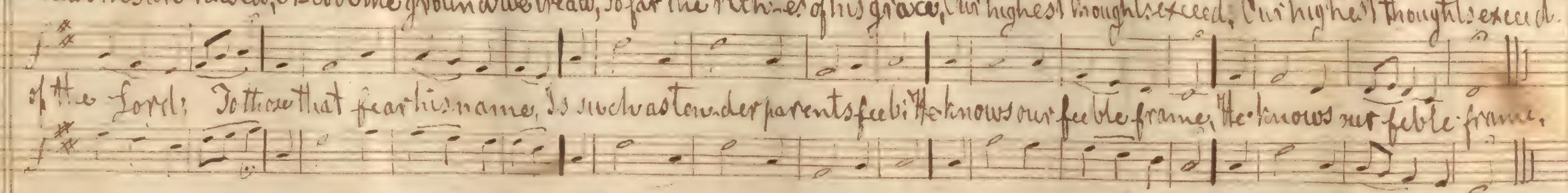
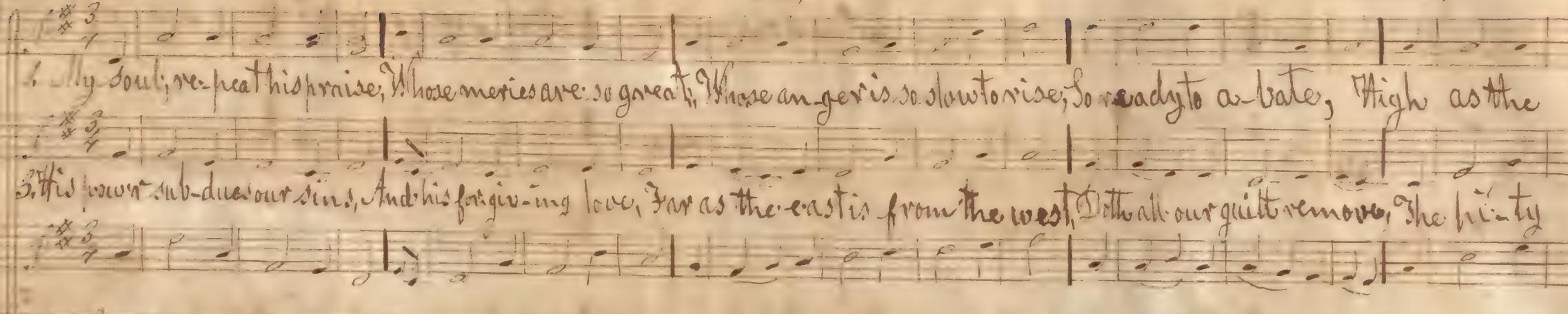
1. Your harps, your trembling saints, down from the willow take, low; to the grave of have die me, with every string all laid,

2. In Europe in a foreign land, we're not far from home, in the music of our house above, the early moment come,

3. His grace will to the earth bring, and bring the mind of the ancient王者 things to come, shall quench the dark divine,

Wickham's L. L.

Garrison;



Tribute. Spiritoso.

Mount. Ephraim. S. M.

Melody.

1. A-rise and bless the Lord, ye peo- ple of his choice: A-rise and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul, and voice.

2. Though high above all praise, A-bove all bles-sing high; Who would not fear his ho-ly name, And loud, and mag-ni-fy.

3. O for a living flame from his own ab-lar brought, To touch our lips, our souls in-spire, And wing to heaven our thought!

Wachman. S. M.

Loach.

1. My soul with patience waits, For thee, the liv-ing Lord; My hopes are on thy promis'd birth, Thy nev-er-fail-ing word.

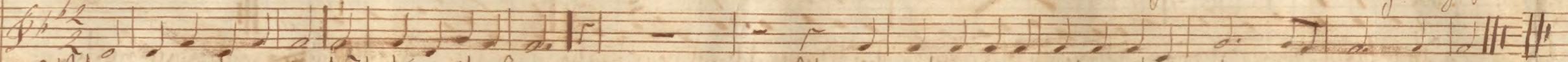
2. My long-ing eyes look out, For thine en-ti-ning ray, More de-ly than the morning watch, To spy the com-ing day.

Lisbon. S. M.



Reed.

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.



Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise.

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these re-joycing eyes.



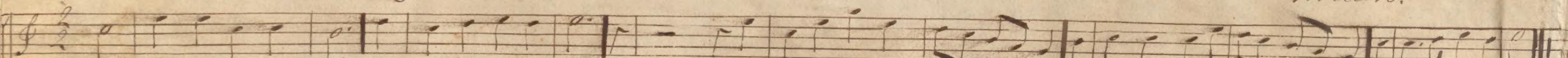
Welcome to this reviving breast, And these re-joyc... my eyes.



Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes. And these rejoicing eyes.

Concord. S. M.

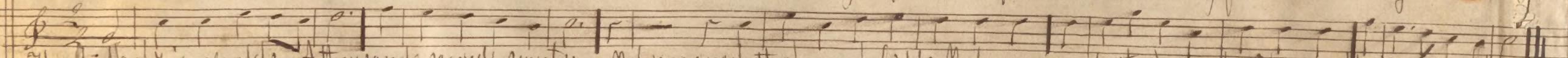
Holden.



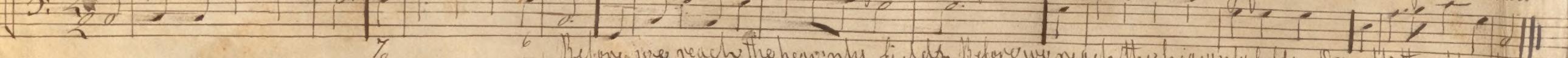
The hill of Zion yields, A thousand sacred sweets; Before we reach the heavenly fields. Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.



Before we reach the heavenly fields. Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.



The hill of Zion yields, A thousand sacred sweets; Before we reach the heavenly fields. Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.



Before we reach the heavenly fields. Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Lymington, S. P. M. ap. 6 lines 4'st. First. Motet

1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but reflections caught from thee;

2. When day, with farewell beams, delays, Among the opening clouds of even, And we can almost think we gaze Through opening vistas, into heaven.

Voice. Chorus.

Wherever we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thine,

These hues, that mark the sun's decline, So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3. When night, with wings of starry gloom, O'er shadows all the earth and skies, Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plumage Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—

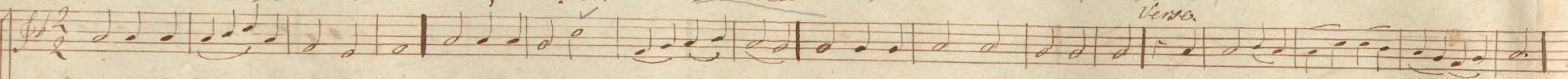
That sacred gloom, those fires divine, So grand, so countless, Lord, is thine.

4. When youthful springs around us breathe, Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh; And every flower that summer wreathes,

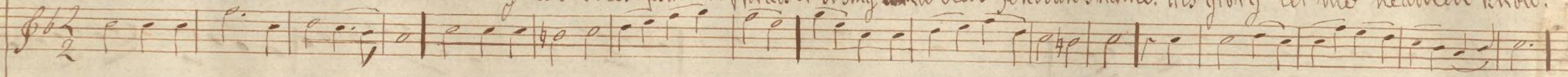
Is born beneath thy kindling eye; Wherever we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thine,

Chatham, S.P.M. on 6 lines 4's. Second Meter.

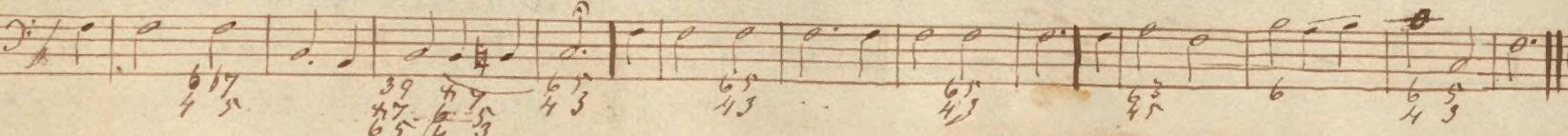
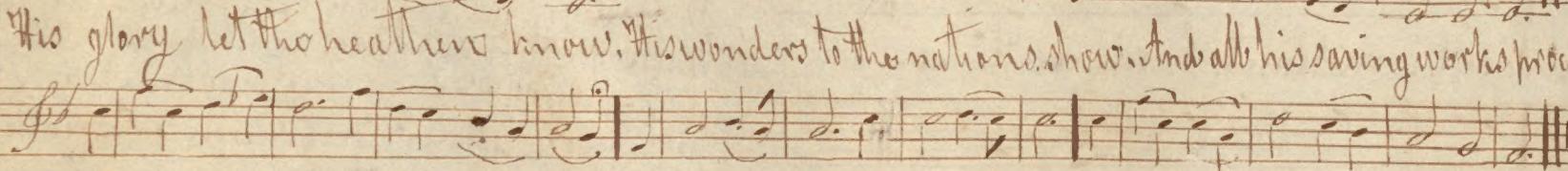
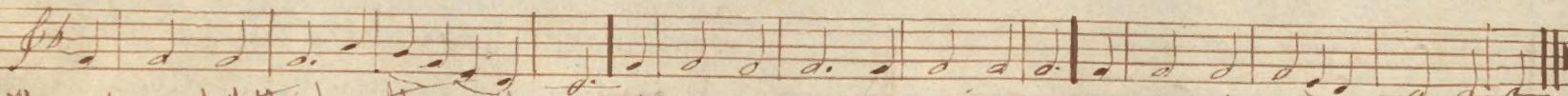
versa



1. Let all the earth their voices raise, To sing the choicest psalms of praise; To sing and bless Jehovah's name; His glory let the heathen know.



Chorus. h.



His glory let the heathen know, His wonders to the nations show, And all his saving works proclaim,

2. He framed the globe: he built the sky.
He made the shining worlds on high.
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light,
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

3. Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.